

A Great Team

by AutumnInWinter

Category: Cats

Genre: Family, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Mistoffelees/Quaxo, Munkustrap

Pairings: Munkustrap/Mistoffelees/Quaxo

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-08 23:19:14

Updated: 2016-04-08 23:19:14

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:37:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 874

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Munkustrap and Mistoffelees' newborn kitten won't go back to sleep, and Mistoffelees simply doesn't know what to do. Luckily, Munkustrap is there to lend a paw. Well, both paws to be exact. Gift drabble for CrazyIndigoChild! Munk/Misto slash

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><p>"Nnnnnngghâ€|" Bloodshot azure eyes cracked open to the sound of shrill wails. Not again. Please not again. The ache for a few hours of undisturbed rest was reaching unbearable levels. Just two or three was all he needed. Mistoffelees was on the brink of delirium from all these hours spent staying up.

"Sounds like _someone's_ awakeâ€|again," the tabby beside him mumbled. It certainly wasn't Munkustrap. Not yet, anyways. He still had a clear view of the backs of his eyelids.

"That is the fourth time tonight," Mistoffelees groaned, gritting his teeth. "He certainly inherited your appetite."

A lazy grin tugged at the tabby's lips as he opened one eye and finally peeked up at his mate. "Sorryâ€|"

Mistoffelees tossed him a smirk and then leaned over the bedside. There, on the floor, a basket had been placed. Inside, swathed in soft blankets, their kitten lay, wiggling and whimpering, insistently swiping at the air.

Gently, Mistoffelees scooped the tiny three-day-old kitten up into his arms. "Shhhhhâ€|hey it's okay," the tux soothed, voice heavy with

exhaustion. "It's okay. Don't cry. Please don't cry. I've got you." He carefully groomed the wailing kitten's face, situating his tiny son so he could sniff through his parent's chest fur until he successfully latched onto the source of sustenance he demanded.

He could feel Munkustrap's watchful eyes on him as he nursed their kitten. A loving paw stroked the little one's back lightly as much tinier black and silver patched paws kneaded at sensitive flesh concealed under fluffy white fur. It felt so strange, but he didn't mind at this point. Whatever it took to achieve the peace and quiet he desperately needed. Besides, the little tom wouldn't be little forever. Though he was beyond tired, he still enjoyed bonding with him, managing a weak smile at the ravenous newborn.

When the kitten pushed away, Mistoffelees placed him on his shoulder, patting his back until the little ball of fluff gave a rather squeaky-sounding burp.

"You can do better than that, son," came Munkustrap's voice, his tone playfully deploring.

That brought forth a breathy laugh from Mistoffelees. But his laughter ceased when their kitten's cries, to the couple's dismay, started full force again.

The tux sighed. "_Now _what do we do?" he whined, nibbling his lower lip anxiously. Was he in pain? Was he cold? Did he not feel well? Hell if Mistoffelees knew. The more he cried, the more nervous the tux became, and he began to wonder if they should pay their resident Gumbie cat a visit. Surely she would know what to do.

"Here, I have an idea. Hand him to me," Munkustrap suddenly offered.

A curious spark in his weary blue orbs, Mistoffelees passed the kitten to his mate. His eyes remained fixed on the tabby as he slipped off their bed and shuffled over to the window across the den room. His brows furrowed, head canted to one side. What was he up to?

His back to Mistoffelees, the striped tom started humming a familiar tune. His paw secured to the still whimpering kitten's back, he slowly swayed back and forth as he half-hummed, half-sang the first stanza. "_Hmmmâ€|.hmmmâ€|land that I heard ofâ€|once in a lullaby_."

Not wanting to miss a second of the tender moment unfolding before his eyes, Mistoffelees tiptoed over to join them by the window. Without saying a word, not daring to interrupt the beautiful melody flowing out of Munkustrap's muzzle, he encircled an arm around the tabby, resting one palm on their son's back as he felt a strong arm curl itself around his own black furred waist. A warm smile spread across Mistoffelees' muzzle when Munkustrap planted a sweet kiss atop his head. Without totally realizing it, he started to sway with him, and soon their movements smoothly melted into a slow dance, kitten nestled between them.

The newborn was fast asleep again, something that made Mistoffelees chuckle as he took notice. "That was a good idea. He must really like your singing."

"Glad I could help out this time. But he didn't actually fall asleep until you came over here."

"You're helpful all the time." He fondly nuzzled Munkustrap under his chin. "Maybe he just likes it when we're together."

"Maybe."

The two stood there in silence, admiring their furry little creation. How long they stayed there, neither one could say for certain. It was only the tux's soft voice that eventually pulled Munkustrap's attention away from the angelic face of their slumbering kit.

"You know, we make a great team."

Munkustrap yawned and nodded. A deep purr resonated in his chest when the black and white tom pulled him down so he could press his lips to his mate's.

"Yeaâ€|" Munkustrap agreed. "We really do."

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><p>Note: The kitten is CIC's fan kitty, Arlo. I know a name was never mentioned, but it's Arlo. I promise. Sorry for typos, if there are any. They're hard to spot when you proofread your own stuff.<p>

Thanks for reading!

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